

M1549
Tuesday, March 11, 1969
New York City
Group I

Mr. Nyland: So, should I be pleased with this large Group? Because it is always a question—what do you come for—and if that is the question in the beginning, then it is at the end: Did you get either what you are looking for, or something else that was worthwhile. And it puts an obligation on one; obligation on myself of course in the first place, but it also puts an obligation on every one of us. Because sometimes you may have to listen very carefully. Sometimes you may have something in mind that you would like to have answered and it might actually close your ears ... that unless that is answered you may not be able to get anything out of the meeting. If on the other hand you are open, kind of 'You never can tell'; if you could be relaxed with your mind, if you could be free from prejudices, if you could put your own desires a little bit in the background, if you could have an attitude that, never mind what will happen but something can happen and will, to some extent at least, be useful. Because we talk about Work in a very all-around way, and there must be some times during a meeting that certain things are brought up that are useful, or perhaps even that with a little bit of attempt on your part you could actually find a way that it could penetrate into you.

Penetration must come many times through your mind, and the mind is apt to be extremely prejudiced; because it is so filled with thoughts ... and you have your own concepts about that ... and you expect your thoughts to be satisfied, and you already are looking for certain things that you believe ought to be said, partly because you would like to have them said in your way. And maybe there are questions that you have formulated to which you have an idea what kind of an answer should be given, or maybe an affirmation for yourself that you have come to a conclusion and you hope that that is the right one.

I would say for a meeting, and particularly when we talk in general and sometimes it has been proven to be the best way of reaching a variety of people, that I am under the obligation to talk as well as I can about a variety of different related subjects, all having to do with Work as a central point. So that then for you it is necessary to be as open as you can be, and just let it penetrate without any particular desire on your own part that you already wish to digest it; and that if you could keep your attention for this little period constantly open without wishing certain things for yourself, that then maybe you can derive much greater benefit.

Because, you see, if you have an idea of how it ought to be and then it is not that way, then you become perhaps a little sad or disappointed. When we talk about these kind of things and these ideas, they have a universal application; and each person brings his particular state ... and when you are looking for something that will help you it doesn't matter where it enters really, it *does* matter that you are open and that it enters into you in some way. It is as if one feeds blood into the body, and it doesn't matter what particular artery happens to be open; it's not always necessary to feed the heart; when your mind is clear, when the mind is based on your difficulties in Work, when you know that daily life takes you up and that you know that in that life something ought to take place because you have heard enough about ideas of Consciousness, as if this kind of Work could become a saving grace for you.

That is, I hope that that what you wish is a little bit deeper than the surface of curiosity; and that actually something is in you that wishes to be satisfied for your own sake, and that in having it that you then will take it and digest it in the best way you can—of course. And for that reason it has to be, I call it, an ‘all-around’ knowledge of attempts of where is Work in my daily life; and the variety of daily life, when you take this as a Group each person has his own, and you might say that if one compared it on that kind of a basis it is quite superficial. Because it is a multitude of such ideas that are at the present time represented in each person’s mind; and it’s not always that you have only one idea, you may have ten of them; and if we add them together and then try to find out the greatest common denominator, you know it will be practically impossible. If on the other hand you take your life and the way you face the activities that you have to do—the way you consider yourself, the way you know a little bit about yourself—and the further you will go now from the surface of your own existence into something which becomes more essential, the more chance there is that certain things will disappear, or at least will be connected and become of the same essentiality. And the deeper you will go—that is, the

more certain things can penetrate in you and will not stick on the surface only and be judged—the more it will have a possibility of entering into your inner life, the more chance there is for a better understanding for yourself.

One can say, of course, that if I know my chief motivating force in my life, that then many questions that come to the outer surface are of no particular value as long as I know the source where it comes from. And it is really, in search for that kind of self-knowledge, that I want to get rid of all the different manifestations of myself and see really what makes me alive. Because from the aliveness has to come my desire to see what to do with my life on Earth, and for the period that I happen to be here on Earth I want to make sure that I cover as much as I possibly can in understanding what I am. Not that I don't believe that there is a chance. I firmly hope that life will continue for all of us, and whichever form it might take after dying is really of no particular concern. Because at the present time I'm conscious about the existence now and I have to face the problems as they are now in this life and on this Earth, and I cannot as yet have any idea of how it would be; and perhaps I might even like that it would be different, but I cannot change that at the present time.

And now for me the question is: What is it that I really am; and for me that problem: How did I happen to be what I am now and to what extent am I responsible, or if I'm not responsible when will be the time that I will take the responsibility for it. Because this, I think, this is a turning point in each person's life. Before such responsibility is assumed and before one dares to take it, you first have to know what you are. And of course that is the difficulty—that we don't know what we are, and that we think we know. And that ... for that reason this particular problem of acceptance, or that what I would like to consider the truth for myself, is so difficult. Because I don't want to see the truth, and this prevents me. That is, I will find all kinds of reasons why I am the way I am. Even if I say that I am mechanical ... and I believe that that mechanicality is not my fault particularly; and that the way I happen to be born and brought up and whatever my father and mother have given me, is something that is now represented in my life the way I live it, and that the conditions under which I have lived and the experiences I have gone through and that what has been given to me and that what was forced on me—all of it has made me what I am.

And what is, now, going to happen to all of that. Because I can say, "Yes, I accept it," and I say also "That is the truth," but is it really the truth. How will I know. Sometimes opinions of

other people who have no particular interest in me might have a certain chance that I can, either by overhearing it or if they are cruel enough they will tell it to me in my face, that that is what I am. And immediately I will find an excuse why it is so if I want to admit it ... and in most cases of course I don't want to admit it; because it is not as bad as they say it is, and my rationalization process and my mind with all the different parts that are available, and the quickness sometimes of immediately jumping to a certain conclusion that *they* are wrong and of course *I* know better—all of that is involved in the love that I have for myself and my wish to protect myself, and that's why I say I don't really want to say "It's the truth."

And how will we, now, go about it. Because we have to face the truth, and what is the truth for oneself ... is the truth as I will find it the same for everybody. And I again run up against the difficulty, because it is not the same; I know it, because the truth for a long time for me will remain subjective, and when I say I want to see things as they are I also wish to accept them, where is this Impartiality. Can I honestly become Impartial about myself; and when in a flash of a moment there is a realization of my existence as I am and then I say "Yes, that is what I am," but I may as well say 'That is what I was,' because right after that my ordinary mind will take over, of course it will start to explain or it will start to say "Accept it the way it is, it doesn't matter, tomorrow we die anyhow."

This is the problem of daily life. This is the problem of Earth. It is the acceptance that we happen to live on Earth. We don't want it. There is in every one of us some kind of a feeling that we want to get through with it because we don't like it always, and there is something given in us that is God-like and that really doesn't want to stay here for any length of time. And we have to, because our life apparently demands it and I cannot just let myself starve to death—I don't want it, because I don't think it is right for a Man. And it is this kind of idiocy that is in my mind: That I cannot die as yet and that something makes me continue the way to live ... the way I don't want to live, but I live nevertheless because I have to and something in me—I call that simply self-preservation—is that what actually makes me go further and further.

When I live this way, when I live with my mind and my feeling and whatever the activity is that I have to perform in this world, when I continue with that and I acquire of course a certain amount of wisdom in order to live further or to be better than someone, or to be able to be more satisfied for myself, or that what I feel as a responsibility that whatever talents I have I must use and I must help to multiply that and really become, in the ordinary sense of the word, a Man as I

now live on Earth—it is constantly these ideas of education that start to interfere with something that is also within me.

But, I do not know how to bring it out, and I really cannot talk about it ... and I cannot talk about that and I cannot talk to it, and I cannot even listen to it; because apparently it is not vocal enough for me, and I'm so busy with a variety of things that the noise that I make myself in my ordinary life prevents me from really understanding what is what and what is most important. This happens when one lives. It happens when one has to live. It happens when one wants to have any kind of relationship with each other. It happens when I see what happens with someone else and I have an opinion and I think that the other person ought to be different and they think I ought to be different, and we discuss and we talk and we don't get to any particular conclusion because the truth is not the same.

That is why this question of Objectivity becomes important. Because if it is Objective it means it is free from all subjectivity, not only my own but everybody else's. And that therefore I cannot go to anyone else telling; because they remain subjective for themselves and they cannot tell me what is Objectivity because they don't know it, they're living in this unconscious state and whatever it is that they happen to tell me is of very little value—for *me*; it may be of value to them.

The question of self-knowledge—of what it is that I want to find out—how will I find it out. When I go deeper to my inner life perhaps I lose a little bit of the contact with the surface, and perhaps then the surface gradually disappears a little bit in the distance and the noises that are there I don't hear so much. And then I go inside in myself, as of course I must do every once in a while because I cannot stand all the time this turmoil outside of me or the effects on me reacting toward all of it; it makes me sometimes quite sick, and I don't want to have that continue because I feel that I'm healthier if I only could live by myself. I say I want to have some 'time,' I want to exclude all the different influences and that maybe there is a chance that I can find something; and then I try and what do I find, and what is really there inside of me.

You see, what happens: Of course I don't want to face that, and as a result I keep on being busy and I collect facts—and a great many of them, and some extremely interesting—and I want to read books and I find out more and more about the different things that have already existed and have helped other people; and there they all are now, combined in a big volume and every once in a while I take my time off and I sit and I read and I say "Yes," and it is not very useful.

And where will I place it ... and I put it in my head and I hope that at the proper time it will actually start to function.

But what is it that will make it function. Because, you see, it gets crowded in my mind. I can say that there are different compartments and that they of course influence each other, but what is really for me in my mind the most important part. Is it the formulatory, to be able to say certain things in a certain way and to find the right kind of a word so that other people can perhaps be impressed or that I feel that I have been clever? It is of course quite satisfactory and I think it's so difficult, but what is it really that it will give me.

There is a section, the pondering section. I think it is very small in one's mind, and that what is the material for pondering is based on the experience of the activity of myself and my behavior. The ordinary thoughts are not anything at all when they come to that pondering, and they are not based on any experience. Because they will remain facts, and I have nothing to go by. Because I can say, "Yes, one thought is 'heavier' than another and this word is 'better' than something else," but on what is *that* based: On the application of such a thought in my life. And that I call 'experience,' and with the experience I gather now certain data which used to be facts and now are connected with a certain value—a certain weight, a certain experience which has been attached to it—and with that I go to this pondering section and I start to think. And this time it is more real thinking than even formulating, because this particular section wants to find out what is more real for me.

Because there is something in me, that I know I don't want too much of certain things. I can stand it ... I can understand it. I know that my body is made up of many cells which are needed and that inbetween here and there certain organs exist with special kind of functions; and I can always say that that what is my body supports all of that and of course it is true, but when it gets a little bit over-much and the organs are not functioning properly but are crowded out—when the body is not lean, when there are too many so-called 'supporting' cells—I don't have a chance to digest anything because organs cannot function properly. When I eat food I know that I cannot have it in a concentrated form and that sometimes it's necessary to have what we call 'roughage' to carry it through my stomach and the rest so that then that, as a carrying medium, simply helps that what is nourishing to reach my body in a certain way. And again there is a certain percent of roughage, and if there is not enough material which actually is useful to me, then of course I may eat a great deal but I don't get any benefit from it.

It is exactly the same thing: That I believe that there are many facts that are taking place and settle down in my brain. And sometimes it's very useful when I have a good memory and that I can bring them forward and say "Yes it's fine, here you are, that is what I have read and I remember it," but what takes place in my brain: All the different facts are put in certain pigeon holes, and they are there on the shelf and they gather dust once in a while; because I have no chance to go through it every day; it is a nice, very lovely inventory and what I have read ten years ago sometimes will come up under certain circumstances and I know then it will start ... when I do remember them perhaps may at times be useful. But what happens mostly with people when they gather facts, they stay there. They are called upon every once in a while, but we keep on putting more and more of them in. And we are really a bad lot as far as inventory is concerned; because even if I say such facts are useless to me they happen to stay, and I do not know of any way of cleaning it out.

Like I can clean out a house with all kinds of junk and I can throw it away when it is not useful any more, my brain is not so easily satisfied. It can of course make the different facts a little bit oblivious or more or less pushed in the background by crowding more facts into it, but it does not seem that the facts become so easily available, particularly not when there is not much room left. And now, what happens: If there are certain times in which many facts are gathered and they crowd in into the secret compartment of my brain ... and that what is the ponderability of my brain is also very crowded and it is pushed a little bit in by all the facts around it; and there is very little room to start with, and after some time it also depreciates and then it really retards the functioning, and then it is atrophied before I know it ... and then I'm so used to the facts, without having any chance even to put them to practice and to get from it experience so that there is food for my pondering ability.

That is why I am so afraid in gathering facts; one after the other in reading books and putting them back on the shelf and forgetting them; in buying new ones and finding so-called 'treasures' and reading through them, and collecting and collecting. And it's very much like what's happened so often in scientific endeavors: That there are many many people who collect facts; and they are not worthwhile very much than perhaps only to get a PhD for it, but as far as the contributions to science are concerned I don't think they amount to very much; and there they are for anyone ready for anyone to take, and very few who take them; because what we do is to keep on copying them and republishing and then hoping ... and where is the originality of the

story, until perhaps a few people come and look at it—and I say, now, ‘objectively’—and then take out of such facts those kind of facts that are similar or can be related, and then very soon there is a Law. It stays within the Law, however, because not all facts are covered, and it is a long time before they become ... this kind of a Law becomes axiomatic.

The danger is overcrowding. The danger is that gradually such facts start to rot. The danger is that they become soiled. There is a great danger of that kind of thing in our life; because we are forced to meet many conditions in ordinary life which we cannot possibly digest, and the result is that we become more and more superficial and that we ... although we replace them as well as we can and we try to be clever enough and perhaps even index them every once in a while, pretty soon the card system is also top heavy and we do not know how to make the proper cross references between them. The subjects in which we become interested ... and where we sometimes have to be interested in because our economic life demands it, is really quite wrong. We don't know it when we are in it, we see it when we leave this life. Imagine dying and to see what has taken place, and to see what it is that has to be left and that what you cannot take with you; and you wish that many times during your lifetime you could have digested and extracted and kept the quintessence of the fact, so that in this pondering ability of oneself there is then stored away certain things which have actually a value for oneself in one's life.

How to find these values now. Because our ordinary life is so busy; and we have to be, and we have prejudices, we have all kinds of stupid notions. We see others, we see nothing else but their manifestations and a little bit of below the surface when we know a little bit more about them or they have told ... and whatever it is that we know of their experiences, but for the most part of it we have no idea what goes on in the mind of anyone else—let alone what goes on in his heart—because he won't tell; and he doesn't dare, because he won't even dare to tell it to himself; he is not interested in facing the truth for himself, so why should he tell someone else. And this causes us to be hypocritical in our life.

Of course it is impossible to be always open and impossible always so-called even to ‘tell’ the truth. We don't know what it is, but even if we make an attempt you know how difficult it is to be honest. Our idea, of course, is to become Objective; of something that is so completely free from all this kind of subjectivity, that actually could start to exist and then start to function in that kind of a way that it will give us the truth and facts; also that you might say is like an ‘addition’ to all the different facts which are already in the brain.

And here is a way by which I gradually will dispose of the facts which are not useful anymore. The measure now is, how is such a fact reaching me. In what way can I, to some extent at least, control the way by which facts are received by me. In what way can I, when I get the fact, know that a certain fact is worth more than another before I even have had the experience of testing it out. Because I cannot test out everything, and I know it. And therefore I become limited in my behavior forms, even, and as I grew older of course the different facts that I already know I don't want; but they clutter me up just the same and they become clichés and little sayings, and I hope then that that ... when I say it for the ten thousandth time that it still has the same kind of a tonality and it can still prove what it used to prove for myself.

When is the time that I actually will get through with filling my brain with all kinds of things which ultimately prove to have no value. The measure that I will set up in my brain is a question of subjectivity and Objectivity, *that* is a logical way of explaining that I want to have certain facts on which I then can stand. Because when I have that measure I can also say one measure is worth more than the other ... or one gradation is higher than the other, and I simply assign, now, a definition to Objectivity as a kind of a fact that I would like to retain and that I hope will, for me, remain permanent; so that you might say on such fact I can 'base a conclusion,' and that the conclusion will be satisfactory at the time when I have to face my death.

Because I have to give a report when I die. I have to show that I have spent my time wisely. I have to show also what I carry with me. I have to 'open up,' you might say, as if St. Peter is a custom officer and he wants to look into my bag and to see that I'm not bringing in any contraband into Heaven. And therefore when I go now and I gradually want to shed that which is already superfluous, what else is there that I can get rid of that I really don't want anymore and that I ... is now occupying space in my brain; and I would like to fill my brain with something more useful, and they still stick around because I happen to be the person who cannot throw anything away.

One has to learn this. One has to find out what it is as an experience which becomes valuable, and then when I know it is valuable that I can count on it. And the more I can count on it—that is, the stronger it is as a foundation on which I can build—the more I will rely on that fact and the more I will wish to keep it with me as I go along, and my life ought to be spent in cleaning up instead of further accumulating what I have.

For that, of course, I have to become much more essential; because that what is on the surface, it rubs off every seven years anyhow, but not my inside, not my inner life. In that I want to keep certain things that are of value which I now believe could be a little bit more permanent; and then I will want to find out if actually that permanency is real or not, and to what extent is there actually that kind of truth that I can say ‘forever and forever’ it will remain something on which I now can stand, and in ten thousand years I will still stand on it. What is it in me that I wish now to build that becomes permanent for myself; so that that is free from all the ballast of ordinary life which has been given to me, that whatever it is as a fact that I have been able to digest and whatever it is that I feel that in an experience still retains its value. This is the way I wish to live, because otherwise it because much too much for me.

How can I divest myself from all that kind of nonsense. I start with my friends. I start to tell them that I’m no longer interested in useless conversation. I start with books I don’t want anymore, and I put them in a pile. Maybe I tell the collector that I don’t want to throw them away or burn them, but at least they should be shut once and for all. I don’t want any kind of energy to go in directions that I know it is quite useless. And there is a long time necessary before I even could become interested in Work; because I am already in such a mess that whatever it is that I now try at the present time try to Work with, immediately will come in the way of my Work. And when we talk about trying to become Objective, at first become a little bit more subjective in the real sense of the word: Of throwing out what is really not worthwhile any longer.

This is really what I mean. We talk about Work a little prematurely. Because what is it you Work with. I’ve called it so often a ‘laboratory,’ and the laboratory is such a mess; and you don’t do anything about cleaning it because you keep on accumulating, accumulating, and you constantly feel that you have no time. And there is all the time in the world if you didn’t spend it on nonsensical things. If you could make up your mind and say “Today is the last day I will look at TV”; for six months I will not touch it, the same way as you would say “I won’t drink,” or “I won’t smoke,” or “I will not meet so-and-so anymore”—it’s useless—or “I will not send a letter anymore to so-and-so because I don’t want any one back ... any letter back so that I will have to read it again.” I want to be a little recluse. I want to separate myself from the world for a little while, and I hope that people can leave me alone.

Whatever is the decision that you want to make, it’s a question for oneself to say “This I

wish" and "This I don't wish." And this is how we face mechanicality. Because all of us are and we know it and we pay lip service to it, but we don't feel it and we don't experience it. I say "Yes, I am" but I know that I don't mean it, I know that I don't believe hundred percent of it; maybe a little bit and I see it once in a while—I say "Yes"—where is Impartiality regarding mechanicality.

Because that's the big problem. If I don't become Impartial to myself I will never get anywhere. Why this Impartiality. Because there is for me, when I wish to grow, the necessity of a choice, and how can I chose when I'm still bound to either one or another thing. If I actually want to say "Yes" or "No," I must mean it. If I say "I wish" to do it but if it is equal to the saying "I do not wish" to do it, then I'm free. If I tell it is extremely important in this life—that is, if we wish to Work—it has absolutely no importance whatsoever if you want to remain unconscious. If you consider this life on Earth for whatever it is and that you have to live it in the best way you can, it's all right—you don't have to be Impartial. It is much better that you become partial, that you really devote yourself and remain combined with what you are doing, and doing it as well as you possibly can; because that is the idea of this life: That you do it as well as you can and become attached and become an expert, and even it will be allowed that you have a little pride because that is what is your ability.

side 2 And when I say that I'm 'mechanical,' how much do I actually feel that I am. Because I don't want to believe it, really. I think that I can say certain things any way I like, and of course I can... And, the objection to mechanicality does not come from the Earth at all. On the Earth I have to face it ... and I will meet it and I will face whatever it is; mechanical or not, it doesn't make any difference; because I know the mechanicality ... when something is said on the spur of the moment without thought I will find out, and when I am at a certain time in a certain way I will be clever enough to make sure that I can defend it.

Mechanicality and the question of that, only comes up when I want to leave the Earth; so the two things that I have to keep in mind all the time is what do I wish: Stay on Earth and make the best of it—and become a good Man and a kind Man or whatever it is that I hope for and that I wish that other people will acknowledge in me, and that for that perhaps I will be satisfied when they pat me on my back and say you are really quite lovely and remarkable—or what is it that I wish for my Soul. What is it that I want to use this Earth for. What is it that can be given to me now and that I can say: "Yes, I know all about it. I know this mechanicality, you nor God can

tell me any different because I know it." This is me—this kind of creature with all the different vices and virtues and whatever it is that one calls it on Earth—and whatever it is that distinguishes me from someone else on Earth, what is the difference now.

My Impartiality is really the acceptance of that what I am, and this is the difficulty: That I don't want to accept myself as I am. Because that means that I would have to face that truth, and that truth I shy away from because I'm afraid. I don't want to see it because I'm afraid if I actually saw it, it would kill me, I couldn't live with it. I cannot accept that I am selfish. I cannot accept the fact that I am jealous. I cannot accept the fact that it is unbecoming for me to be angry. I cannot accept the fact that I am lazy. Because I know that there are different reasons why I, for instance, haven't slept well or why it was that I had worries; and the excuses on top of each other constantly prevent me from seeing the truth, and my wish to see the truth is like putting my foot out in cold water and just the toe gets a little bit wet and then I withdraw.

And this is the problem that I have to face whenever I wish to find out about Objectivity. I have to try time and time again to go into this outer world with that what I consider an Awareness of myself, to see what I am then in facing the conditions that I must meet, and that then I become acquainted with myself as I am. And the more I can now accept that what I am, the further I will dare to go into the cold water. Because it is a necessity that I learn how to swim regardless of how cold or how hot it is. Whatever is facing me now, I must go through it. How will I go through it unless I try and unless I make such experiences, for myself be in my head to be judged by that what I call the 'ponderability' of myself so that then in that I will have a fact that I can count on, and for whatever it is worth. Because then I say "Now I know," and then when I say, I take the 'responsibility' for myself as I am, I take the laboratory with all its dirt and all its nuisance and all its machinery that is perhaps even broken down—and all the shelves with dust and all the windows which are not even openable because they are rusted—and all the rest of me as I am, this I consider for myself as if nothing in order to build something that is worthwhile in the direction of evolution.

You see, this is the decision I must make. I can let my responsibility go for whatever it is and take it a little bit ... and particularly when I want to take it because it suits me so that I don't have to worry too much about it, but when I take the responsibility for the sake of growth, I take it all or nothing. Because it is not worth it if I just have a little bit and afterwards I find out it has a crack. It is something complete—that I take myself, this is what I am. God can know it,

everybody can know it if they are sufficiently interested, but I wish to know what I am.

Because I will have to Work in that laboratory. My laboratory is my life. I take it for whatever it is; because it may be dirty and it may be this and it may be that, but I will be Impartial to it because that's the only thing I have and the only way by which I can ever find out what it is that I can do with it. It simply means that I must first accept this fact: Here I am, jealous like hell, but this is me.

And, so what then. Who has a right to tell me what I'm not or should be. Perhaps God can tell me. Where do I find Him. When I come to myself, when I come to the inner inner strength of myself, when I know that I am completely alone, when I Work and I discover this and that ... and my friends disappear because I don't want them anymore as a friend, because they cannot tell me anymore and I don't want to write letters because what's the sense and the use—I get the same kind of a thing back all the time because *they* have not as yet changed—and I wish to change because I'm earnest. I'm in earnest. I'm honest about my wish that I want to grow and get away from this world as soon as I can.

That is really the kind of an aim with which I wish to be a part of in the acceptance of myself as I am; my body in the acceptance of the Earth, of what it is and what I see on the surface and what it is that makes me struggle—to what extent I struggle; to what extent I am performing in ordinary daily life with or without friends—and gradually climb the mountain of my perfection. The coldness and all the different things that remain—solitude and the not growing ... and reaching the line and not the timber, where there is nothing, nothing but just a few rocks—for me that's my road.

Because I must have to face this. Because if I say I want to accept myself 'as I am,' then I have to take what I am and all the things that I believed in, they don't exist any longer because they are as if nothing for me, and when I actually in that sense then lose myself, there is the possibility that something can be found. This acceptance, this wish that I must say "Here I am"—mechanical, reacting creature walking on Earth with all kinds of high-falutin ideas about myself and my wish even to wish to try—that I don't have to pay any more attention to this Earth and that I, being interested in this-and-that I fill myself again and again with all kinds of ... I wouldn't call it junk because it is beautiful in itself, but for me if I don't use it, what's the sense; putting more in it, hoping that in the future somehow or other it comes out of its little locker and then knocks on my door and says "Here I am as a fact, maybe you can use it now"—what chance

is there actually.

If I remain active in my brain, if I keep on stirring it up, if I want to not to have it settle, if I don't want it to crystalize I keep on stirring it, because in that kind of an activity there is no chance for the molecules to get together and to solidify. This is my life the way I wish to be: At such a state that I don't spill anything over, that there is nothing that is lost for me, that I take ... I boil it up like a solution in a beaker and I want to evaporate that what is the solvent, I want to retain that what is left—that solidity. I want to find out what I can spare. I put it on a high place and it evaporates and something is left which will not boil off, something that is purified. I take off the dross from the top—all the dirt—and I evaporate that what is too much.

Because it is too diluted. That what is my daily life dilutes me. The whole surface dilutes my essence ... and I want to go down to essence, I want to reduce all this multiplicity of that what I call 'behavior forms' of myself and everything that I sometimes hate and sometimes like. What is it to me. This kind of a form—myself as a human being as I happen to be born, the way I was and whatever it is that made me the way I am, including that what I think and what I feel—all of that is of no particular value. But I set out to try to go through the eye of a needle. I want to make sure that that what I will take with me will be allowed, that when St. Peter looks into my bag, he says "It's all right, because it's empty you can enter." I want to get rid of my Karma. I don't want to carry over. I don't want something that I don't understand at the present. I want to find out what is the value now so that I can weigh it and say "It is all right for now"—for six months—"and then you've got to get out."

This determination that we have to make, should happen every day. Every day you face your life. Every day your carcass walks around on this Earth. Every day you feed it. Every day you allow it to do certain things. Every day you have thoughts that don't belong. Every day you mix things up, you allow certain things to happen to you; and every day it wears out more and more, and you don't know it because you are unconscious about it; because it looks as if it will always be like that, and sometimes you are foolish enough to hope it. When will you see it. When you get away from it just a little and the Objectivity is fortunate enough for you to take a little seat in your room and create, like a black sheep, a little bit of a disturbance for you. Sometimes when you are really a little bit upset because the world doesn't seem to turn around in the right way and you would like it to stop for a little while. For some times the time just goes on and on and on without paying attention to you, apparently; because it doesn't need you at all;

all it is, it flows through you, it doesn't even want to stay with you so why worry about that.

This is the problem that one faces: Perhaps the Sun comes up, but it goes away again. This is the problem I face when the 'I' is created and it fades away because of clouds, because of nonsense, because of my body turning away from it. It is like the Sun. It is there on the other side of the Earth when we have night, and why should I be satisfied with a few stars, beautiful as they are, when I have it within my power... This is an Objective power: That I turn my body towards the light, like the Earth could be turned if I had that power to turn the Earth, if I were a God and I could make the Sun stand still.

When I wish to Work I turn my body in the right position—facing the Sun. I turn it towards Objectivity. I take it away from the darkness of what I call 'subjective' mind. I simply say, "Here it is. I know where it is, I can show you." Face that, and then see under the light of that kind of an influence. See what is still there and what will remain ... and what will be for you that you can keep, and what will burn in the Sun and what will get too hot, and how much will evaporate because you leave it in the Sun, and how much are you going to help it with your own fire.

What is it that one wished to do in life: To change the unconscious state into something that becomes light. To get out of the darkness in which one is at the present time, admitting it: That this darkness is caused by the manifestations; that the darkness is caused by other people; that it is caused by the conditions of life on Earth; that it is caused by my education and the belief I have in it; and that the darkness will continue all the time as long as I believe that certain ordinary morality governs me, which has been given to me because I happen to be so-called 'educated.' For life? I was just educated for a little bit of life on Earth. That's all I've gotten. It doesn't matter what kind of degrees I have, I still have a little bit of a mind; and something in my mind starts to weigh what I am, and I am sometimes so surprised that the scale goes down and I face the wrong one and it is the truth, and I don't want to face it. I do everything to bolster it up, to hold the scale up a little bit so that it is not really the truth that stares in my face but that what I call a 'make-shift', of hoping against hope I load the scale with all my rationalizations because I don't want to face that kind of a truth of what I am.

And still, I know in my heart. I know I have to face it, but then I say "Yes, I will, I will, I will." Let me grow up, I'm so young—No! The essence is already there in early life. Early—at birth—the essence is there. That is the Magnetic Center of a person. There is no excuse to wait

until you grow up. That what keeps on going in one's life: Your Magnetic Center from beginning to end. When one talks about Work, one talks about that. That is your life; not because you have to develop a little bit more or because you are young or because you are still too naive. You are at the present time all you ever will be because the rest, whatever there is, will all drop away at the moment when it is asked of you to give it up. And that you don't want to give it up—it is ordered, and you will be stripped.

If I wish to be angry, I am angry because I can also be *not* angry. This is the problem one has to face: "Yes" or "No." I say "Yes" when I want it, I say also "No" when I think it is better. When I say I Work I Work because I wish, and when I wish I can. And this is the realization that all of us should remember. Don't pretend. For God's sake, don't. It doesn't do you any good. Don't find excuses. Know what you are. Know what you can do. If it means only once during the day to be honest and to make an attempt to try to be Aware, do it only once; it doesn't matter how often, but that is the principle of your Magnetic Center. Because that will give it to you when you realize what you are. It doesn't mean that you are already perfect ... hundred percent Conscious—all that nonsense. You make an attempt and you're honest about that, and maybe tomorrow you can put your foot in the water a little bit further because today you have Worked.

This is the way life has to go; not to postpone until you get a little older, until you are so-called 'more mature.' Maturity is for this Earth—that's where we become mature. That what you wish for life is the recognition of life *now*, and it is not any different now or ten thousand years from now. It just happens to be covered up, and you have to make an attempt to do something about it; and perhaps it is a little difficult sometimes at certain times to do it, but you know when you have that kind of a thought—I wish to go to Heaven. I wish to go to Heaven. I wish to go, then Heaven comes and it will be on Earth. I wish to be Infinite, it will be because it is.

The problem is sincerity; that what you do when you actually face the fact of your mechanicality, that what you then say "This is me." Almost I would say 'thank God' I know that I don't have to shop around anymore for something that is a little better, and I don't have to wait anymore; because I don't have to grow up anymore, I know my essential value is *now*; and it used to be even when I was young and there were often things that have happened to it because I covered it and I let it ... and I couldn't know it and I couldn't even take the responsibility, but now I take because now I can.

This is Work. This is really what you have to realize for yourself. This is the reason you come to a meeting: To hear; to hear that for yourself and to take it for yourself, and to digest it and to walk with it, to go out with it to use it tomorrow; to remember it, not to forget if you want to Work on yourself. About that you have to be very clear. You have to know that you wish; because whatever reasons may be that are in your brain or in your heart—dissatisfaction of yourself on Earth not being fulfilled as yet, not having lived long enough on this Earth—whatever it is that will make you wish to get away from it, whenever you leave turn around and see that that what you leave is correct. If you leave your laboratory keep it clean, who knows that maybe someone else may have to use it.

The honesty in wishing to Work for yourself, this is what Gurdjieff asks you. Either you are in earnest ... I say I want to, I will try, I'll do my best because I mean it. I know that is the only way. I know how I will hang on to that what I now have belief in and how often I pay a little lip service to the fact that I say "Yes, I'm unconscious." Unless you feel it and unless it becomes that kind of experience, it will never enter into this little realm where you weigh things and value them in your life. And how long your eyes have to remain closed for that what has real value and how long you will keep on adhering to that what is a little more pleasant because it's a little easier or because it allows you to be a little bit more unconscious; that you stay that way and you hope in your life that maybe with maturity it will come—I assure you it won't. It only comes because of Work, and it only comes because of the realization of what you are now, and you are now as you ever will be. You are now, forever and forever, that what you are. The outside form—forget it. Place it on Earth. It belongs there and leave it on Earth, and do the best you can with it.

The three rules—you know, Objective Morality—take care of it, that is your laboratory; but then realize that when you have once and for all accomplished that what you have to do, to pay for all that has been forgiven and for which you have taken the responsibility. And you show you are responsible by paying for it. You assume the debt which your father and mother have put on you, and you pay it to your father and mother in loving them for giving you an opportunity to become Conscious of your life. Because that life that is you now, is that what came from them as life and is now you, and you take that same responsibility when you procreate.

You have for yourself a two-fold responsibility. The Earth, whatever it requires—pay it as

soon as you can. Don't make any mistake. Don't lose yourself too much in all kinds of considerations. Don't wait too long. Don't allow too many rationalizations to take place. It prevents you. Don't put more facts into your brain unless you are ready to use them, or already use what there is that will crystalize out. Let all the facts that are useless be evaporated because of the fire that is within you in your Conscience. Let your Conscience purify your Consciousness, be a Man on Earth as much as you can be for whatever you wish to be responsible.

That is the one side. The other side: Your *inner* life, the living ring of yourself, using the energy which is given from Above to make your essence. Because that is where you are in contact with a higher form of living. Not from the outside. It comes inside of you, and it is like a spring welling up in you. No one knows where that water comes from because it comes from the Earth, but still it wishes to come out and become a spring. This is the spring of your life. This is the gift. You will continue to live after death. This is the way you will understand death, this is the way also you will understand your mechanicality, you will also understand the form in which this happens to be. And for heaven's sake, don't pay too much attention to the outside form. If there is a chance of seeing life, try to become acquainted with that and take it. Take it to your life. See what is needed for you. Express ... take, take what you can so that you then can digest it, that you can then live more, that then actually there is a fulfillment in you of certain things that you can take even from others, that they again trigger in you the wish to continue to make yourself complete as each human being can be complete.

Don't make a mistake thinking it's necessary that on this Earth we will have to have one and two. Three of yourself will do it, but you must also know that that what has to be triggered off can be helped by the conditions under which one happens to live. And sometimes you are fortunate and sometimes you have to go for a long time all in solitude and lonesomeness, but whatever it is that is meted out to you for your life and whatever is represented by your Karma, never mind what it is, take it for what it is and then Work with it. Because the relation of you towards your Karma and for everybody else is exactly the same. To the extent that your Karma is different, to that extent you will have force. It is not unequal because *all* human beings are equal in their unconsciousness, and all will have to leave the Earth in some way or other, and for all the attraction of the Earth is equal because it is the Earth.

Sometimes we forget it and we think that someone else is a little bit more fortunate. No, it

is not really so. Because your body has attraction, that what is the heaviness of it, it's for you your measure. Not the manifestations of your body—that happens to be a little expression of a few life cells on Earth. That what is your body, your heaviness, is made up by how your unconscious state has been in your life so far, and that what is the spark will unite everything that can be set in place. And, it's not your body. The wish to grow wings comes from your heart. When it wishes to grow, it takes from your body and it takes from your mind whatever the materials are that are suitable, and then one starts. Here I go; and God calls you then, and His call gives you the strength to fly towards Him.

Two weeks from today we will meet again. The trip has been postponed a little bit, so we will have a little bit more chance. Also, every other week I will still be in Boston. The other Wednesdays ... the other Tuesdays that I'm not here the Group leaders will meet, gradually with a few others. But you must understand that sometimes the difficulties arise when one starts and it is not entirely clear, as yet, of the meaning of such a little bit of a meeting of those who at the present time teach. It will take perhaps a little bit more patience, but it can be straightened out and also I have hope that it can be done. We will try to do it, and I don't really ... I don't wish to give up that kind of hope because so much will depend on it in the future for all of you. So I'll keep on hoping and having patience.

Good night.

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